



WRITING CLASSES

Why do people write? They write to share their hopes and dreams, failures and successes, hates and loves, or simply to share their thoughts. They write because they have a story to tell, either their own or one bubbling up from their imagination.

Writing class participants have an opportunity to learn how to write poetry, short stories, song lyrics, memoirs, journals, plays, and screenplays. If you have a story to tell, want to explore different types of writing, or just want to improve your writing skills, the friendly and supportive environment of the CMH writing class is right for you.

Below are some examples of writing by SCCCMH writing students.

Breaking Through

I try to break through
and see the part of myself
that I like.
It's a roller coaster of emotions.
Screaming,
I'm at the top of a big tall tower
in the dark,
bumping into everything in my path,
trying to get out of there
and back on solid ground.
Trying to break through:
it's like an everlasting asthma attack.

---- *Melissa Robison*

A Midnight Picnic

at a Midnight Picnic
we ate cold bacon, cold eggs, and cold potatoes,
surrounded by granite flowers and
could-have-beens
and other futile regrets
midnight's moon in its powdered wig
lit our shadows
lifeless mockingbirds listened for
pealing chimes
we waited and contemplated
the metaphysics of cockroaches and kings

----*Michael Crawford, Kim Lewinski, Melissa Robison*

Cotton

I'm sleeping in the cotton ball clouds
Clouds so fluffy and warm
Warm and glowing bright red in the morning
Morning before the storm

---- *Dan Kisielewicz*

The Leprechaun

A leprechaun is a tricky old fellow
His hair is green, his beard is yellow
He has mounds of gold –
or so I've been told
He's a fast little sprite
As he runs through the night
He's light on his feet
But he'll never cheat
Catch him if you can
And you'll be a rich man

---- *Michael Crawford*

Writer's Block

It looms, imposing on the road
with thunderous height and girth,
the travelers it likes to goad
who often doubt their worth.

It knows your fears and what you hide
Exploits what all you lack

It gnaws the bowels deep inside.
It feasts upon your peace and pride.
It tears your talent open wide,
your satisfaction soon denied,
your state of mind is terrified -

When diction fades to black

---- *Justin Summerville*

The World

The dark side of the sword
Its jagged edges are sharp
The colors of the world
Are black and white

The world is cold and clammy
The earth is dry and dusty
The sand has turned into glass
The sky's a hornet's nest

---- *Amy Odle*

Starlight

Night's starlight glimmering, stars appear shimmering
Deep, awesome, magnificent, sky's laughter, innocent

---- *Port Huron Class*

I Hear America Singing Redux
(with thanks and apologies to Walt Whitman)

Walt, we can hear America singing too, the varied carols we hear
Those of video game designers, each one singing his as it should be, cool and amazing
The astronaut singing hers as she floats above the world
The cable repairman singing his as he checks the babbling wires
The geneticist singing tunes as he strums our DNA
The computer programmer singing as she juggles ones and zeroes
The nuclear engineer, the first responder on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown
The delicious singing of the surrogate mother, or the Fortune 500 wife, or of the girl catching baseballs
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to no one else,
The day what belongs to the day – at night the party of young guys and gals, filled with optimism and fellowship
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

---Michael Crawford, Donna Grabowski, Kim Lewinski, Sharon Remington, Melissa Robison

I Remember You

I remember you
You little heart was broken
There was nothing I could do
I felt our lives were forsaken
I prayed to God you'd make it through
Without a lot of pain
My faith it helped to break it
Oh, how I remember you
Just one more day without your mother
Just one more night it's like no other
The pain it hasn't gone away
For you I know that's true
I try each day to come to grips
With hurt and anger too
But my dear I'll say again
It's so very true
Without a doubt in my mind
I remember you
I remember you

--- Helen Wong

Three Haikus

Love to have and hold
Joining two hearts alone
Now time to reflect

Beside the red barn
The chickens running around
Then day becomes night

Bread and wine are fine
The main course is delicious
The candle blows out

--- Kim Lewinski

No One Touched the Body

Bill, first one on the scene, finished his donut.
His partner, Sally, finished fixing her hair.
When the crime scene technicians arrived
they argued about the Michigan – Michigan State game.
The ambulance, stuck at another call, came late.
The driver, Jonathan, stuttered his apologies.
His partner, Cletus, did not stutter
or apologize.

Then
the body
or Jill Krenski, as people called her
watched the people around her
wondered what the fuss was about
wondered if she knew the old dead woman
who looked so familiar.

Then
her soul remembered
the first time she flew a kite by herself
her first bike ride
her first kiss with Billy Porter behind his family's barn
her first marriage to bald Larry who beat her
her second marriage to scrawny Ken who beat her
her third marriage to Eric, who didn't.
She remembered giving birth and kissing her children.

Then
in a moment and an eternity
she knew she was dead and she was no longer angry
with police officers, crime scene technicians and ambulance drivers.

Then
she smiled
and
let go.

---Michael Crawford and Sharon Remington